



THE BARRIER

BY
REX BEACH

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"I don't want to get even, and there is nothing to tell," said Neela, "except a girl's troubles, and I can't talk about them." She sniffed a painful, crooked smile at him.

"Your old man has been rough to you?"

"No, no! Nothing of that sort."

"Then it's that soldier?" he quizzed sharply. "I knew you cared a heap for him. Don't he love you?"

"Yes. That's the trouble, and he wants to marry me. He swears he will in spite of everything."

"See here, I don't quite follow. I thought you liked him. He's the kind most women go daffy over."

"Like him!" The girl trembled with emotion. "Like him! Why—why, I would do anything to make him happy."

"I guess I must be kind of dumb," Stark said perplexedly.

"Don't you see? I've got to give him up. I'm a squaw!"

"Squaw h—! With those shoulders!"

Stark checked himself, for he found he was rejoicing in his enemy's defeat and was in danger of betraying himself to the girl. In every encounter the young man had bested him, and these petty defeats had crystallized his sympathy to Burrell into a hatred so strong that he had begun to lie awake nights planning a systematic quarrel.

He had brooded over his quarrel with Gale and the lieutenant over since their first clash, for in this place they furnished the only objects upon which his mind could work, and it was a maniac, the derangement of a diseased, distorted mind.

"So you like him too much to stand in his way," he said meditatively. "How does your father look at it?"

"He wants the lieutenant to marry me. He says he will fix it up all right. But he doesn't understand. How could he?"

"You are doing just right," concurred the man hypocritically, "and you'll live to be glad you stood out." Now that both his enemies desired this thing he was set on preventing it regardless of the girl. "How did the lieutenant take it when you refused him?"

"He wouldn't take it at all. He only laughed and declared he would marry me anyhow." The very thought thrilled her.

"Does he know you love him?"

The tender, sobbing laugh she gave was ample answer.

"Well, what's your plan?"

"I—I—don't know. I am so torn and twisted with it all that I can't plan, but I have thought I—ought—to go—away."

"Good!" he said quickly, but his acquiescence, instead of soothing her, had the contrary effect, and she burst out impulsively:

"Oh—I can't—I can't! I can't go away and never see him! I can't do it! I want to stay where he is!" She had been holding herself in stubbornly, but at last gave way with reckless abandon. "Why wasn't I born white like other girls? I've never felt like an Indian. I've always dreamed and fancied I was different, and I am in my soul. I know I am! The white is so strong in me that it has killed the red, and I'm one of father's people. I'm not like the other two. They are brown and silent and as cold as little toads. But I'm white and full of life all over. They never see the men and women that I see in my dreams. They never have my visions of the beautiful snow white mother with the tender mouth and the sad eyes that always smile at me."

"You have visions of such things, eh?"

"Yes, but I came a generation late, that's all, and I've got that other woman's soul. I'm not a half breed. I'm not me at all. I'm Merridy—Merridy! That's who I am."

Her face was turned away from him, so that she did not notice the frightened effect her words had upon Stark.

"Where do you get that name? His voice was pitched in a different key now. Then after a moment he added, "From the story I told you at the mine that night, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I've always had it, though they call me Neela. Merridy was my father's mother. I guess I'm like her in many ways, for I often imagine she is a part of me, that her spirit is mine. It's the only way I can account for the sights I see."

"Your father's mother?" he said mechanically. "That's queer." He seemed to be trying to shake himself free from something. "It's heredity, I suppose. You have visions of a white woman, a woman named Merridy, eh?" Suddenly his manner changed, and he spoke so roughly that she looked at him in vague alarm.

"How do you know? How do you know she was his mother?"

"He told me so."

Stark snarled. "He lied!"

"I can show you her wedding ring. I've always worn it." She fumbled for the chain about her neck, but it ended her trembling fingers. "It has her name in it—From Dan to Merridy."

Stark's hand darted forward and tore the thing from her shoulders. Then he thrust it under the lamp and glared at the inscription, while his fingers shook so that he could barely distinguish the words. His eyes were blazing and his face livid.

Neela cried out, but he dropped the ornament and seized her fiercely, lifting her from the chair to her feet. Then with one swift, downward clutch he laid hold of her dress at the left shoulder and ripped it half to her waist. A hoarse sound came from his throat, a cry half of amazement, half of triumph.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MYSTERY IS UNRAVELED.

LIEUTENANT BURKELL was considerably taken aback when a quarter of an hour after the young lover's ecstatic return to his quarters Gale knocked at his door, for the trader's visit, coupled with the late hour and his somber countenance, forecast new complications.

"He's here to object, but it won't go," thought the lieutenant as he made his visitor welcome.

Meade swung his big reading chair out beneath the hanging lamp and, going to the sideboard, brought back a bottle, some glasses and a pouch of tobacco. Noting the old man's sign of fatigue as he sat himself down heavily, he remarked sympathetically:

"Mr. Gale, you've made a long trip today and you must be tired. If this talk is to be lengthy, why not have a drink with me now and postpone it until tomorrow?"

"I've been tired for eighteen years," the other replied. "Tonight I hope to get rested."

"Well, let's get at it," the younger man finally said.

"I suppose you'll want to interrupt and question me a heap, but I'll ask you to let me tell this story the way it comes to me till I get it out. Likewise you'll want to know what all this has to do with you and Neela. Yes; she told me about you and her, and that's why I'm here." He paused. "You really think you love her, do you?"

Burrell removed his pipe and gazed at its coal impersonally.

"I love her so well, Mr. Gale, that nothing you can say will affect me. I—I hesitated at first about asking her to be my wife because—you'll appreciate the unusual—well, her unusual history. You see, I come from a country where mixed blood is about the only thing that can't be lived down or overlooked, and I've been raised with notions of family honor and pride of race and birth, and so forth, that might seem preposterous and absurd to you. But a heap of conceits like that have been bred into me from generations back. They run in the blood of every old family in my country, and so, I'm ashamed to say, I hesitated and tried to reason myself into giving her up, but I've had my eyes opened, and I see how little those things amount to, after all. I'm going to marry Neela, Mr. Gale. I'd like to do it the day after tomorrow, Sunday; but she isn't of age yet, and if you object we'll have to wait until November, when she turns eighteen. We'd both like your consent, of course. I'd be sorry to marry her without it. But if you refuse we'll be forced to dispense you."

He looked up and met the father's gaze steadily.

The other man's lips framed a faint smile.

"We'll see. I wish to God I'd had your decision when I was your age. This story would be different and easier to tell."

He waited a moment, then settled to his self-appointed task: "I was mining at the time up in the mother lode country of California, which was the frontier then, pretty much as this is now, only we had better things to eat. I was one of the first men into a camp named Chandon—helped to build it, in fact—and got hold of some ground that looked real good. It was hard mining, however, and, being poor, I was still gripping my drill and hammer after the town had grown up.

"A woman came out from the east—Vermont it was—and schoolteaching was her line of business, only she hadn't been raised to it, and this was her first clatter at the game. Her folks died and left her up against it. I gathered from what little she told me—sort of an old story, I guess, and usual, too, only for her. She was plumb unusual."

He seemed to ponder this a moment and then resumed:

"It doesn't make any difference to you now I first saw her and how I began to forget that anything else in the world was worth having but her. I'd lived in the woods all my life, as I said, and knew more about birds and bugs and bees than I did about women. I hadn't been broke proper and didn't know how to act with them, but I laid out to get this girl, and I did fairly well. There's something wild in every woman that needs to be tamed, and it isn't like the wildness that runs in wood critters. You can win that over by gentleness, but you have to take it away from a woman."

"Every live thing that couldn't talk was my friend, but I made the mistake of scorning my own kind the same way, not knowing that when two of any species mate the male must rule. I was too gentle. Even so, I reckon I'd have won out only for another man. Dan Bennett was his name—the kind that dumb animals hate, and—well, that takes his measure. His range adjourned mine, and, though I'd never seen him, I heard stories now and then—the sort of tales you can't tell to a good woman—so, it worried me when I heard of his attentions to this girl. Still, I thought she'd surely find him out and recognize the kind of fellow he was; but, Lord, a woman can't tell a man from a dog, and there wasn't any one to warn her."

"I must go back and get some clothes," she said, at which he would have demurred had he not seen that she could not travel in her present condition:

"Very well. But don't let anybody see you."

"Of course not."

"It's getting late, and your folks will be abed." He looked at his watch. "Midnight! Be here in an hour."

The light of sacrifice was in Neela's eyes, and her cheeks were blanched with the pallor of a great resolution.

"I'll be here in an hour," she said simply.

He let her out, closed the door after her and locked it; then, drawing a deep breath, he raised his clinched hands above his head and gave a great sigh of exultation. Next he took out his six shooter and examined it carefully. The shells did not suit him, so he filled the gun with new ones, loosened the three lower buttons of his vest and slid the weapon inside his trouser band; then, facing the direction of Gale's trading post, he spoke aloud:

"It was a long time coming, Gaylord, but I'm here, and I've got you where I wanted you these fifteen years! Yes, and I've got you, too, Burrell! By heaven, this is my night!"

His little body became panther-like in poise, his bearing that of the most daring animal, and his face set in a fierce, exultant cruelty as he blew out his light and left the cabin.

It was along in the early spring that she began to see I had notions about her, but my d—d backwardness wouldn't let me speak, and, in addition, I was getting closer to one every shot at the mine and was holding off until I could lay both myself and my gold mine at her feet and ask her to take the two of us if one didn't pass out the other night. But it seemed like I'd never get into pay. The closer I got the harder I worked, and, of course, the less I say of her, likewise

the of lesser Neela came. I reckon no man ever worked like I did—two shifts a day, eighteen hours, with six to sleep. The skin came off of my hands and I staggered when I came out into the daylight. At last I struck it, and still I walked a while longer till I could be sure. Then I went down to my little shack and put on my other clothes. Meade swung his big reading chair out beneath the hanging lamp and, going to the sideboard, brought back a bottle, some glasses and a pouch of tobacco. Noting the old man's sign of fatigue as he sat himself down heavily, he remarked sympathetically:

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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River, foot of Warren Street, week days

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leaves Newport 3.45 p. m. The Fall River,

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THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

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Newport & Fall River, Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 10.30 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hours, then the odd hours, until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.,

Sundays, 12.15 a. m., then same as week

days.

Return, Leave City Hall, Fall River, for

Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Mid-

dleton, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty min-

utes past the odd hour and half past the even

hour, until 10.30 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.,

Sundays, 12.15 a. m., then same as week

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Leave City Hall, Fall River (for Stone Bridge

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Return, Leave Stone Bridge for Fall River,

12.15 p. m. and 8.10 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

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10.30 a. m. and every fifteen minutes until

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Return, Leave Merton Park, 8.22 a. m., then

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Leave Franklin Street for Merton Park, 8.45 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 10.45 p. m., Sundays, 8.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Miles Corner, 8.20 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.30 p. m., Sundays, 8.20 a. m., then same as week

days.

Leave Franklin Street for Merton Park 8.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.45 p. m., Sundays, 8.45 a. m., then same as week

days.

SETH F. SEIHN,

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.

C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

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Time Table in Effect October 1, 1908.

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10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15 p. m.,

4.15, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.00, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.00, 9.45 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—8.30, 9.05,

10.30, 11.05, 11.45, 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.00, 9.45 p. m.

Tiverton—8.30, 8.45, 9.05, 11.05 a. m., 1.15,

2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.00, 6.45, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.00, 9.45 p. m.

Providence—8.30, 8.45, 9.15, 10.30, 11.05,

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"Let me in! Quick! I've got work for

you to do!"

left, making a clean get-away, too, for

there was no such hullabaloo raised

about killing a man as there was about

the other. So my trip was all for

nothing.

"I figured it wouldn't be right to

either you or Ned to let you go it

blind, and so I came in to tell you this

whole thing and to give myself up."

Gale stopped, then poured himself

another drink.

THE BARRIER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

note, a heart without soul and a lot of things like that—and, remember, I had never learned a living thing in all my life. However, that wasn't what hurt. What turned me into a dull, dead, suffering thing was the knowledge that she was gone. For hours I couldn't get beyond that fact. Then came the realization that Bennett had done it, for I reasoned that he had dragged a hint of the truth from her by very force of the fear he held her in—and shot her. God! The awful rage that came over me! But there was nothing to do. I had sworn to guard the little one, so I couldn't take vengeance on him. I couldn't go back and prove my innocence, for that would give the child to him.

"What a night I spent! The next day I saw I had been indicted by the grand jury and was a wanted man. From a distance I watched myself become an outlaw; watched the county put a price upon my head, which Bennett doubled; watched public opinion rise to such a heat that posse's began to occur in the mountains. What I noted in particular was a statement in the paper that the sorrowing husband takes his reavement with the quiet courage which marks a brave man! It happened that the Mexican woman couldn't read and talked little. Still, I knew they'd find me soon—it couldn't be otherwise—so I made another run for it, swearing an oath, however, before I left that I'd come back and have that gambler's heart.

"It was lucky I went, for they uncovered my sign the next day, and the country where I'd hidden blazed like a field of dry grass. They were close on my heels, and they closed in from every quarter. But, please, I know the woods like an Indian, and the wild things were my friends again, which would have made it play if I'd been alone, but a girl child of three was harder to manage. So I cowered and skinned day after day like a thief of the murderer, they thought me, working always farther into the hidden places, travelling by night, with the little one asleep on my bosom, by day playing with her in some lonely glen, with my purifiers so close behind that for weeks I never slept, and my love for the child increased daily till it became almost an insanity.

"We had close squeezes many times, but I finally won, in spite of the fact that they tracked us clear to the edge of the desert, for I had hit for the state line, knowing that Nevada was a wilderness and feeling that I'd surely lose them there. And I did. But in doing it I nearly lost Merridy. You see, the constant travel and hardship was too much for a prattling baby, and she fell sick from the heat, the dust and thirst.

"I was bound for the nearest ranch or camp where a woman could be found; but, as luck would have it, I went through without trying. I had gone farther from men and things, however, than I thought, and this return pursuit was a million times worse than the other, for I couldn't go fast enough to shake Death, who ran with the hand on my cañon or rode on my horse's rump. It was then I found Allina. She was with a hunting party of Pah-Utes, who knew nothing of me or of the white man's affairs and cared less, and when I saw the little squaw I rode my horse up beside her, laid the sick child in her arms, then tumbled out of the saddle. They had a harder job to pull me through than they did to save Merridy.

"The little one was playing around several days before I got back my reason. Meanwhile the party had moved north, taking us with them; and, as it happened, just missing posse who were returning from the desert.

"When I was able to get about I told Allina that I must be going, but as I told her I watched her face and saw the sign I wanted. The white girl had clutched at her like she had at me, and she couldn't give her up, so I made aicker with her old man. It took all the money I had to buy that squaw, but I knew the kiddle must have a woman's care, and the three of us started out soon after alone and broke.

"Since then we three have never rested. I left them once in Idaho and went back to Mesa, riding all the way, mostly by night, but Bennett was gone.

He'd run down mighty fast after Merridy died till he had a killing in his place. Instead of stopping to face it, out the yellow in him rose to the surface, and he left before sunrise, as I had

done. The persistent attempt of W. G. Chaplin, late editor of the American Lawyer, to elicit information in supplementary proceedings. He tells the story of the failure himself.

"I had been admitted to the bar but a short time and was a fair specimen of the average theory student, practice wading, law school graduate. How joyously were the commands of the managing clerk obeyed! Here was the looked for opportunity to demonstrate my ability in the noble art of searching, examining a recalcitrant witness, a woman!

"Of the two, I fancy, however, that it was the lady who was more self possessed when the proceedings opened. She was a dressmaker and had been sued for debt by a dry goods firm. The examination dragged its slow length along, revealing no assets, until finally came the omnium gatherum query asked as a finisher.

"Have you any property of any kind or nature, real or personal, or any right or interest in property that you have failed to mention?"

"Perhaps it was my tone she disliked. At any rate, her eyes snapped. 'Well, I've got what perhaps you wouldn't call an interest, but it's almost as good. It's an expectation. Must I answer?'

"'If you please!' I

Established by Franklin in 1794.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, May 29, 1909.

Congressman Lorimer of Chicago has been elected United States senator from Illinois by the joint Illinois Assembly. He won by one vote over Hopkins after a five-months' deadlock, the deciding vote being cast by Speaker Shurtliff.

Dr. Wm. J. Long, the nature writer, says Roosevelt is a game butcher, pure and simple, and that his interest in animals lies chiefly in the direction of blood, butchery and brutality. There certainly appears to be much foundation for such a statement.

Senator Aldrich is now the target of abuse of nearly every newspaper in the country. He does not seem to mind it though. He keeps right on making the tariff bill to suit himself, "insurgent" Republicans and the newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.

It is expected now that the Senate will be ready to vote on the tariff bill soon after June 10, and that the new tariff will become a law by June 20. Let us hope so. The sooner Congress gets through and adjourns the sooner we shall have business improvement.

Mr. Roosevelt has begun writing the first of his magazine articles for publication. At a dollar a word his experiences with the animals he has already met ought to reimburse him for the expense of his trip. The varieties yet to come are to be clear guides.

Fifty-four millions is the amount of the contracts already made for new factories to be built in New England. Rhode Island stands second in the amount to be expended. It looks as though the manufacturing interests, at least, were looking for better business soon.

It does not matter so much what kind of tariff bill Congress passes as it does that it pass something promptly and adjourn. The country can adapt itself to most any kind of a tariff if it only knows what it is and what it is going to be for the next few years. It is the uncertainty that kills business.

The papers round the country are talking about a "safe" Fourth of July in which there shall be no fire crackers and no noise. Now a Fourth of July without noise would not be much of a Fourth to the small boy, nor to many of a larger growth. Let us have all the noise possible, and let young America show its patriotism in the good old way.

Lord Roberts had been soldiering for nearly fifty years when they sent him to South Africa to discourage the Boers. He "gave his proofs" in the Indian Mutiny. He was in the relief of Lucknow and at the capture of Kabul; he relieved Kandahar himself; he took part in a dozen hazardous expeditions, was in a hundred hot corners, had horses shot under him, was wounded, won the Victoria Cross. But he has lived through it all to see his seventy-sixth birthday, and his golden wedding. He may well be called the Grand Old Man of the British Empire.

To-morrow will be May 31st, the day next to-day for the people of this generation to do reverence to the memory of those brave men who freely and unhesitatingly gave of their life blood that this great country should continue to live as one undivided nation. It is right that one day in the year should be devoted to a consideration of the heroic deeds of those dark days, and the few survivors of that great conflict to-day have a right to ask that the day should not be made an occasion for money-making but should rather be a time of mourning for the memory of the valiant dead.

A Fall River dispatch says: Drunkenness has been more evident than usual since the "dry" spell set in here. In the last seven days 68 persons had been arrested for drunkenness, while for the corresponding period last year the number was 63. Most of the men arrested came from the Tiverton line, and in the seven days there have been but three days when less than 10 drunks were picked up. Generally the arrests at the line have been of men whose condition was such that the street railway officials refused them admission to the cars.

It is pretty evident that prohibition does not prohibit in Fall River. There is always some way devised by which the "hurly" can get their supply.

The Fall River News is giving daily figures of the number of arrests made for drunkenness in that city since the place went "dry" and comparing them with the number on the same days a year ago. Here are some of them:

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FIVE MONTHS' DEADLOCK ENDS

Congressman Lorimer Elected
Senator From Illinois

DEMOCRATS LINE UP FOR HIM

His Political Sagacity Shown by Fact
That He Had Not Received a Vote
Up to a Few Days Ago, While Hopkins Was Almost Within Winning
Distance—A Self-Made Man of
British Birth

Springfield, Ills., May 27.—Congressman William Lorimer of Chicago is the junior United States senator from Illinois. He was elected on the 95th ballot in the joint assembly, by a coalition of 53 Democrats and 55 Republican votes, to fill the vacancy from Illinois, which has existed in the senate since the term of Albert J. Hopkins, Republican primary candidate for re-election, expired on March 4. The deadlock has existed since last January.



REPRESENTATIVE LORIMER.

Most of the leaders express satisfaction with the outcome. The outward quietness with which the election was brought about testifies to the consummate political prowess of Lorimer. Until a few days ago he had not received a vote for senator, while Hopkins, who went before the legislature with the endorsement of the primary election of the Republicans of Illinois, had kept within 20 or 30 votes of a majority during the five months of the deadlock. A few days ago Lorimer received one vote and rumor began to travel that he was to be elected by a carefully arranged bi-partisan coalition.

After his election Lorimer thanked the Democrats for their support and announced that he had always been and always would be a Republican.

Although William Lorimer's progress in politics has been steady and consistent from the time when he began securing city contracts for his firm of contractors until he was elected to the United States senate he can never be president, for he was born in England.

Mr. Lorimer's biography in the congressional directory is one of the briefest, about fifty words, and omits to mention that he first saw the light in 1881. At the age of 5 he was brought to this country by his parents. At the age of 12 he worked as a sign painter's apprentice. Later he labored at the stockyards, of which, in after years, he was to be known as the "boss." Next he gathered nickels on a street car.

Meanwhile he had become a political factor. He became a contractor, was called the "blonde boss" in the newspapers and was counted on to deliver the packing house district to the Republican ticket. In 1882 he was defeated for a county office, but three years later he was elected to the Fifty-fourth congress, where he remained, with the exception of one term, ever since.

Mills in Need of Help
Jefferson, Mass., May 26.—The resumption of operations after an eighteen months' shutdown at the Eagleville woolen mills here has caused a revolution in the industrial life and aspect of this town. The officials are canvassing the nearby country for help. Several hundred persons will be given employment.

Indiana Option Elections
Indianapolis, May 28.—La Porte and Floyd counties voted wet, and Harrison county voted dry in local option elections Thursday. The majority for the wet in La Porte county was about 3000; Floyd county voted wet by a majority of about 2000. The dry majority in Harrison county is 169.

No Outdown at Fall River
Fall River, Mass., May 25.—The present rate of wages in the Fall River print cloth mills will be continued during the next six months, the manufacturers having waived their right under the sliding scale agreement to make a cutdown of about 5 percent.

Lived a Hundred and Nine Years
Kirkland, N. B., May 26.—John Graham died here, aged 103 years. Graham, who was a prominent Orangeman, was born in Ireland and landed at St. John in 1825. He was in possession of all his faculties and active till about a month ago, when he was taken ill.

Hammond Not Going to China
Washington, May 26.—After an hour's interview with President Taft, John H. Hammond definitely declined the tender of the ministrership to China.

HAD UP-TO-DATE PLANT

But Alleged Counterfeiter Could Not Escape Secret Service Men
New Haven, May 28.—Three of the five men captured at the Joseph Farrel farmhouse in Wilton in a raid made by secret service agents, and who are charged with counterfeiting, were brought here for safe keeping.

The federal officers say that a complete counterfeiting outfit was found in the place and there was also about the house and garden an ingenious system of electric wires to give alarm of the approach of anyone.

A considerable quantity of silver bullion, besides dies and other machinery, was also found there, it is said. A number of half dollars said to have been similar in composition and weight to those minted in the government mints were also found there.

Two of the men captured in the raid are still at the farmhouse under guard.

PERHAPS BLACK HAND MEN

Waterbury Police May Have Made an Important Capture

Waterbury, Conn., May 28.—In the capture of Frank Sodo and Giovanni Attardi, held here for an attempt to tamper with state witnesses, the local police believe they have captured two of a gang of desperate criminals.

Papers were found on them, one of which was a letter head of Gaspardo Tedeschini of Palermo, Italy, suspected of complicity in the murder of Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York police force, and another of Giovanni Pecoraro, who became notorious through his connection with the famous "barrel" murder case in New York.

NO COMMUNICATION WITH GIRL STUDENTS

College Men Bring Unusual Penalty Upon Themselves

Appleton, Wis., May 28.—As a punishment for yachting and dancing last week at Clifton, in violation of a specific order of the faculty, seventy students of Lawrence college last night agreed to forego all communication of tongue or pen between students of the opposite sex during the remainder of the college year and to apologize personally to the faculty.

All offenders who are seniors must take final examination, from which they had been exempted before the offense was committed.

DIPHTHERIA IN ASYLUM

Inmates, Nurses and Doctors Suffering From the Disease

Boston, May 26.—An epidemic of diphtheria has spread throughout the female section of Austin farm, an institution for the insane, with the result that three nurses are in the city hospital, ten nurses and doctors are under doctors' care, and some fifty patients and attendants have been found to be carrying the germs.

The entire female section has been put under quarantine and no visitors will be allowed and no new patients admitted for an indefinite period.

The disease showed up a week ago. There are 200 patients in this department and all, it is believed, have been exposed to the germs.

BOOST IN MEAT PRICES

From Ten to Fifteen Percent Higher in New York City

New York, May 27.—Adjusting themselves to conditions as reported from Chicago, retail prices of meats in New York jumped from 10 to 15 percent Wednesday.

Market conditions caused the rise in beef, mutton and pork, and poultry followed in sympathy. Further advances are expected, when wholesale prices, it is predicted, will also go up to meet light cattle receipts in Chicago.

CHAUFFEURS ARRESTED

Boat to Have Swindled Employers by Tampering With Registers

Boston, May 27.—Police inspectors in plain clothes have been liberally patrolling taxicabs in Boston the past two weeks and as a result have unearthed, it is claimed, a scheme to defraud by means of which the Taxi Service company has lost nearly \$20,000 since the cabs were first operated in this city.

Four men were arrested last night as a result of the investigation and charges of larceny preferred against them. All are taxicab drivers.

The company claims the chauffeurs have tampered with the registers on the taxicabs, making it appear that the machines have traveled a less distance than actually covered and pocketing the differences in fares.

DID NOT RECORD NOISE

People Opposed to Sunday Baseball Had Relied Upon Phonograph

New York, May 25.—A phonograph helped the Jersey City club of the Eastern league to win a victory for Sunday baseball in the chancery court here.

A resident near the ball grounds sought to have Sunday games prohibited as a nuisance, but a phonograph operator testified that he tried at the plaintiff's house to make a record of the noise alleged to have accompanied the games and that the machine failed to record any noise whatever.

Vice Chancellor Stevenson held that Sunday ball playing was illegal, but that its suppression lay with the police rather than with the chancery court.

DOUBLE CRISIS FACES GEORGIA

Twelve Trains Carrying Mail to Be Started Today

RACE QUESTION LOOMS LARGE

Trouble May Result If Negro Firemen Take Places on Engines—Arbitration Question Must Be Settled at Once—National Government Deems it Inadvisable at This Time to Actively Interfere

Atlanta, May 28.—A double crisis is expected today in the Georgia railroad strike. First will be the starting of twelve trains which, although carrying mail only, will go through a community intensely interested as to whether white or black firemen will feed the engines and inclined to draw inferences from the makeup of the crews. The community en masse has supported the racial contention of the strikers and grave fear is felt here among the men who have been working for some solution of the difficulty.

The second consideration is the fact that the fate of the attempt at arbitration may be known today. It is reported that Commissioner of Labor Neill has notified General Manager Scott of the railroad that he must before noon make final his decision as to whether he will accept arbitration. The determination to run the mail trains leaves two problems still open for settlement: First, in what manner the negro shall be allowed to work; second, the question of the interference with interstate commerce and its possible result in federal intervention. The conferees believe that a great gain had been made in eliminating the postoffice department's dilemma, leaving the federal part of the problem for the interstate commerce commission only.

Peaceful Solution Anticipated
Washington, May 28.—Federal intervention at present in the strike of the firemen on the Georgia railroad is unlikely. Commissioner of Labor Neill, one of the mediators under the Erdman act, is on the ground and is keeping in touch with the situation.

It is hoped that the state authorities will be able to handle the situation, which is recognized as delicate. Under the circumstances, it is thought to be inadvisable for the government at this time actively to interfere, lest such action induce serious trouble between the races. Generally, in official circles, the belief is entertained that a peaceful solution will be reached through arbitration.

Chairman Knapp of the Interstate Commerce commission, the other member of the board of mediation, will not go to Georgia unless his presence there is required by Neill.

The postoffice department is proceeding cautiously, although the strike is seriously interfering with the movement of mails.

No decision has been reached regarding the suggestion of Vice President Ball of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen that the postoffice department designate a representative to confer with him in an effort to get the mails through.

This phase of the case, however, will be brought to the attention of Postmaster General Hitchcock, who will return here today.

Cuticura For Mail Trains
Augusta, Ga., May 28.—The crews of the mail trains to be started out of Augusta, Atlanta and other terminal points along the Georgia railroad today are to be made up at the general offices of the road here. The mail clerks will all be negroes. There will be twelve crews handling ten trains. Tea of the firemen marked up for the trips are negroes.

OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY
Too Strict in Forefathers' Days, According to Presbyterians

Savannah, Ga., May 29.—Strict observance of the Sabbath is obsolete, according to a report made to the general assembly of the Southern Presbyterian church in session here.

"We are persuaded," says the committee on Sunday observance, "that the observance of the Lord's Day after the scriptural manner and as practiced by our forefathers is to a large extent a thing of the past."

Against Use of Tobacco

Denver, May 28.—Clergymen and laymen should not use tobacco, but it is not contrary to the principles of the church for Presbyterians judges to grant saloon licenses. This was the decision of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church.

Killed by Batted Ball

Boston, May 28.—John Badgley, aged 22, of Plainfield, Conn., a student at the New England automobile school, this city, died from the effects of an injury received while playing ball. Badgley was hit on the head by a batted ball.

Six Thousand Miners Out

Charleston, W. Va., May 28.—More than 6000 miners went out on strike in the Kanawha coal field because the operators demand the long ton. There was no violence and none is expected.

Suffragists Making Gains

Boston, May 27.—At the annual meeting of the New England Woman's Suffrage association it was reported that during the past year 8000 names had been added to the Massachusetts membership list, and representatives of the other New England states gave encouraging reports. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was unanimously re-elected president.

LEPROSY COLONY IS OVERCROWDED

Great Increase of Disease Reported in Bay State

Boston, May 28.—So great has been the increase of lepers in this state during the past few years that the facilities provided at the leper colony on Penikese Island are proving inadequate to accommodate all the patients.

David F. Tilley of the state board of charities and Dr. Proctor, in charge of the leper colony on the island, appeared before the house committee on rules at the state house in favor of the petition of the board for money to build a new concrete building to house all the lepers sent to the island.

Dr. Proctor stated that five years ago there was not a known case of leprosy in the state, but today he knows of thirteen.

TO CHAT WITH MARTIANS

Professor Todd Has Completed His Preliminary Arrangements

Amherst, Mass., May 27.—Arrangements have been practically completed by which Professor David P. Todd of Amherst college will take a balloon ascension on July 1 for a preliminary study of the conditions under which he will have to work in September, when he expects to ascend six or seven miles, or possibly higher, for a closer study of Mars and to intercept any possible messages the Martians may be sending earthward.

There will be no artificial means employed to sustain life in the preliminary trip, as the elevation sought will not be greater than three miles.

A WIDE-AWAKE NEWSY

Prevents Kidnapping of Little Girl in a New York Street

New York, May 28.—A small newsboy who saw a man rush up to a taxicab with a 5-year-old girl checked what the police say was an attempted kidnapping last night. He called a policeman and the man, who gave the name of George Deunzio, was arrested. The child proved to be Bertha Schmitt, the daughter of a baker.

A crowd threatening violence followed the prisoner to a police station. Deunzio's son told the police that his father's mind was unbalanced.

Five Men Instantly Killed

Dowagiac, Mich., May 27.—Of eight men who were in the Geesey hoop mill here when the mill boiler exploded, five were instantly killed, one died of his injuries, one was severely hurt and one miraculously escaped without injury, though the entire building tumbled about him.

Five Children at One Birth

Eau Claire, Wis., May 23.—The wife of Foy Irish of Thorp gave birth to five babies. Three daughters and two sons. All are alive and well. There are now ten children in the family. The other five were born separately and are all living.

Fatal Fight Over Cards

New London, Conn., May 28.—Following a quarrel over a game of cards in a saloon here Alonso Parbut, 35 years old, was shot and killed by Frank Diabat. Diabat is held without bail for a hearing.

Phone 202

On or before May 15th in our Participation Account draws interest from May 1st

Money Deposited

The Investments of Savings Banks and Trust Companies are now under the same laws and restrictions.

With a Capital and Surplus of over \$6,000,000

We solicit your business.

Industrial Trust Company,

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NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport Branch.

Grand Easter Display

IN MILLINERY

SCHREIER'S,

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IT'S ALL IN THE BISCUIT

OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

Aunt Martha's Memorial Day

If you ain't never had no Aunt Martha in your family, ma says that you have missed one of the best things that ever happened in this world. She is ma's oldest old maid sister. Well, now, you needn't turn up your nose! She ain't one of them sour, lean, cranky, weasened, Negligent dispossessed, split end, split fire cloth tailing cutters—not by a long shot! She's short, stout, white and carries a smile that warms and lights a hill room, just as when father lays a fire in the fireplace.

Some folks say that the reason she ain't married is because she ain't never had no chance. Ma says that's so. For five years Uncle Silas' blind man, Henry Peters, kept company with her, ma says, and come to see her every Wednesday and Saturday night right



"I'M GO IN YOUR PLACE."

through corn plantin', hayin', harvestin' and threshin', no matter how busy. I have heard ma tell the story about Henry Peters a good many times. Henry lived alone in a little house on Uncle Silas' farm, which Jules owns—that is, Henry roomed there. Uncle Silas' house was pretty small for the growin' family, so the hired man slept there. So old extra help durin' hayin', havin' restin' and threshin'.

It is a little two room affair. Aunt Martha lives there all alone now, except when she is stayin' with some of the relatives, helpin' care for the sick, layin' out the dead or somethin' like that. And it keeps her pretty busy, because both pa and un have a great of brothers and sisters livin' in these parts.

Well, durin' the war ma says pa was drafted. It didn't seem as if he could be spared. Ma had been sick all winter and had run up an awful doctor's bill. The crops had been mighty poor the season before, almost a failure. There wasn't enough sold from the farm to keep us going and pay the interest on the mortgage.

There was no money to pay for a substitute, and things did look blue. Through the orchard one mornin', scytha, or shoulder, come Henry Peters, who had learned of the trouble. Pa was out by the plow when Henry walked up to him, placed his hand on pa's shoulder and said: "Uncle Jim—rain"—he always called pa that, they say—"I'll go in your place. I am a slugs man, without any tea. No one cares for me, and there is none dependin' on me as there is on you!"

Pa bursts into tears and says, "Henry, I have no money to pay you."

"Drot the money," says Henry, hangin' up his scythe in the apple tree by the pump.

Henry went to the county seat and listed and went to war. Ma says there was a tearful partin' between Aunt Martha and Henry, she guessed, because Martha's eyes was most swelled shut next day; but her smile was still there.

"Good news was heard from Henry. He was brave and got to be second Lieutenant till at some big battle, the name of which I forgot, he was among the missing. From that day to this nothing more has been heard from Henry Peters. Aunt Martha was clean heartbroken, ma says, but she went about her work, carin' for the sick and layin' out the dead, as usual. Aunt Martha organized a society, ma says, to send lint bandages, canned fruits and jellies to the sick and wounded in the hospitals and worked on that, all the time she could spare from family matters.

Henry Peters' scythe hangs out in the apple tree right where he left it when he went to war. Pa said none of us boys should touch it, and we never have. The blade is terrible rusty-spiled, I guess—but nobody has ever dared take it down.

Aunt Martha never goes to Memorial day down at the Forks, and is often wondered why. All the rest of us do, rain or shine. I didn't think I could go this year, because I was just over the mumps and it was a foolish day, with a raw wind. Just over the hill from our house, at the front, runs the road to the West Branch cemetery, and, while it is out of sight of the house, you can hear the hand of the marchers by, but you can't see anything. It is quite a ways round the hill road, but cross it at the first dip.

Ma left her blanket along and just peeped back by on the sofa in the sitting room, intendin' to take them along to use if we got cold, and in the excitement of getting started forgot 'em. "George!" she says to me—“I always calls me George when any wants me to do anything—“Hast you got home and got our wraps that I left you on the sofa?” I flushed no. The processione was just comin' for the cemetery—the band all silent, next the organ of the day, and the procession of the principal war ringer, then the dinner wagon with the little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the strong, sturdy porters, the mournful pallbearers, followed by the little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the strong, sturdy porters, the mournful pallbearers, followed by the

little girls dressed in red, white and blue; next the strong, sturdy porters, the mournful pallbearers, followed by the

MEMORIAL DAY



AN INTERRUPTED BATH.

How Sherman Caught Five Thousand Confederates in Adam's Garb.

"Inch by inch," relates an ex-Confederate, "the gray jackets had retired from the Tennessee mountains, contesting every vantage ground down to Kenesaw. But, strive as they might, the advancing column of Sherman's legions was too much for them, and even from the peaks of Kenesaw mountains we were driven down through the Allatoona hills to the Chattahoochee river. On July 18, 1864, dusty and battle stained, we stood on the banks of that stream and gazed upon its waters rolling along far below; masking our cannon on the bluff that overlooks Neekajack creek, we made a break for the river. The water was so alluring that we would have plunged into it had the risk of being surprised by the enemy been even greater.

"In a few minutes the river was full of naked 'rebs' disporting in the waters so deliciously cool after that long, hot march through the Allatoona hills. We were only 600 or 700 yards above the mouth of Neekajack, and the water was quite shallow, as the long drought had brought the river down.

"Suddenly from the direction of Neekajack there was a 'pow, pow, pow.' Imagine the amazement with which we beheld a squadron of Federal cavalry at the mouth of the Neekajack blazing away at us with their carbines and only prevented from completing our surprise by their inability to ascend the almost perpendicular bank that rose on our side of the stream. There were some 5,000 of us, but our numbers counted little when we had not even the protection of an undershirt from those vicious bullets, and none of us knew what moment some gun might prove superior and send a ball into some of our naked bodies. Our hub was spoiled, and never did 6,000 men dress more quickly than we did."

"In a twinkling we were in line, and the waters of the Chattahoochee were gliding along again undisturbed. We stood off the banks until night and all the next day, when Sherman moved up the river, and we changed our position accordingly."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Phantom Army.

General Fred Grant's favorite story of his father is one that very aptly illustrates that great soldier's faculty of sizing up a situation in a few words:

"We had an old coachman," he says, "who was not the brightest man in the world, but what he did not know about horses was not worth knowing. Mother used to call on him to do all sorts of things that were not in his line, and old John, of course, was always making mistakes to annoy her. Once she sent him to the bank to do some business, and he did it wrong. She told father about it and said:

"I guess you'll have to let John go. He never does as he should anything I want him to do."

"Well, mother," said my father, "if John could do everything you want him to do, and do it right, he would not have to be our coachman."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Answer.

"'William' and 'window' are very much alike."

"Well, and what's the answer?"

"When I get near either I always look out."—Boston Transcript.

Absolutely hopeless.

"But you might learn to love me," he said.

She shook her head.

"You've got ideas," she said. "What a student I am!"—Chicago Daily Journal.

Easy.

"What can I do when he gets a patient who neither speaks nor laughs?"

"Get him to sign certain things. Everybody can."—Chicago Daily Journal.

As we sat talking others we un-

derstood what it meant, boy and girl. What had been the math and the science?

Do you know what it means,

This is nothing but science,

Round the silent rampon's mouth,

This shrill, shrill, shrill, the grassy grave,

This decking with garlands the statue bony.

This dancin' of steps,

All in tootsie and tootsie,

This invadinh' and singin',

These little aching,

These fasts, these and these face,

This talk of the blue and this talk of the gray,

In the north and the south Memorial day?

Not shinin' a show there, boy and girl,

Is this day of falling flowers?

Not a pasture play,

Not a building,

Not a stirs,

Not a mornin' in veteran

honor,

Not across the years,

To the hopes and fears,

Or the days of battle,

Or your love of battle,

To the past that now seems so far away,

In the sons of the blue and the sons of

the gray,

Face, hand clasping hand, Memorial day,

For the wrek and the wrong of it, boy

and girl,

For the terror and loss as well,

Our hearts must hold,

A regret unheld,

As we think of those who fell,

Not their blood, on whichever side they

fought,

Remind the nation and progress bright,

We forgot the faa,

For we live and know,

That the fighting and sheding,

The falling and dyin',

We're but steps toward the future—the

marthy's way,

Down which the sons of the blue and the

gray,

Look with love and pride Memorial day,

—Wide Awake.

THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

Colonel John L. Clem's Story of How He Got Into the Regular Army.

An interesting story is told of the way Colonel John L. Clem, the famous drummer boy of Shiloh, and now assistant quartermaster general, got into the regular army. In the early days of General Grant's first term as president Clem, without aid, secured an audience.

The president said, "What can I do for you?"

Clem said, "Mr. President, I wish to ask you for an order to admit me to West Point."

"But why?" said the president, "do you not take the examination?"

"I did, Mr. President, but I failed to pass."

"That was unfortunate," said the president. "How was that?"

"Why, Mr. President, you see, I was in the war, and while I was there those other boys of my age were in school."

"What?" said the president, amazed.

"You were in the war?"

Clem was then scarcely eighteen and boyish looking.

"Yes, Mr. President, I was in the war four years." And he related his experience.

The president then wrote something, sealed it and, handing it to Clem, said:

"Take this to the secretary of war. I guess it will fix you all right."

Clem went to the secretary, to whom he had already applied, and was received somewhat coldly. He delivered the note. The secretary read it and said:

"Do you know what this is?"

"No," said Clem, "but I supposed it was an order to admit me to West Point."

"Well, it isn't," said the secretary.

"It's an order to commission you second lieutenant in the regular army."—Leslie's Weekly.

"In a twinkling we were in line, and the waters of the Chattahoochee were gliding along again undisturbed. We stood off the banks until night and all the next day, when Sherman moved up the river, and we changed our position accordingly."—Atlanta Constitution.

Hoover's Grand Chestnut Charger.

General Hoover probably had the fat looking horse in the Union armies.

This was Lookout, a horse of rich chestnut color, and possessing all the dainty and elastic action of the most delicately fashioned colt. This was the horse, Kentucky bred, which bore Hoover during the battle above the clouds.

The horse was intended for exhibition in England, but got no farther than New York, where Hoover bought him, although having to compete with the agent of the emperor of France, who wanted him for his master Louis Napoleon.

And there came the unknown dead, the men

who died in fever swamp and sea.

The slowly starved of prison pen.

And marching beside the others.

Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight.

With limbs entranch'd and bearing bright.

I thought—was the pale moonlight.

They looked as white as their brothers.

And all night long moved the strange array.

So all night long till the break of day.

I watched for one who had passed away.

With a reverent awe and wonder.

Till a blue eye stared in the lengthened gloom.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

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And I knew that one who was like an angel.

And I knew that one who was like an angel.

Miss Sophia's Reward.

Emily H. Wadsworth.

Miss Sophia was sweeping dead leaves from the rose bushes. Her little maid was sweeping out of the garden path by her, looking up to say: "Miss Carr's going to send her white roses to the fair."

Liddle paused and received no reply from Miss Sophia, added: "There's a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best white rose."

"That is a good prize," observed Miss Sophia, as she threw a handful of dead leaves on the pile of debris which Liddle's broom was gathering.

Liddle went on: "Miss White was telling all about it. Miss May Miss Carr's right hand up after her lost her money in that bank failure. Miss May will win to get that prize."

"Take it all up now, Liddle," said Miss Sophia.

When Liddle had obeyed, she returned to Miss Sophia who stood regarding the rose bush with thoughtful eyes.

"My, Miss Sophia, you ought to send these roses to the fair. They'll be all just to you. They'd take the prize, surely. You remember how nice they were last year. And the body will be larger than ever this year."

Miss Sophia shook her head. "No," she whispered, "I don't care to." Then she turned and glanced apprehensively around the garden. "Well, not do anything more out here today, Liddle. You may go to and get at your homework. We're going to change my dress."

A half hour later, Miss Sophia came down stairs to take skirt and crisp white shirt, a white straw hat shading her face. She looked back at the kitchen table passed out of the house. "If you'll have a kirkberry shortcake for dinner, Liddle."

"Why I was just thinking that would be nice!" laughed Liddle. "Now, Miss Sophia, how nice you look!"

The color in Miss Sophia's cheeks deepened. "Oh, I, Liddle, I was wondering if this hat would do. I've worn it so long."

The maid looked after her mistress on the latter walked through the garden and out to the road. "Liddle, Miss," she muttered. "Miss Sophia looks so young as any of the girls about here. And she must be nearly forty!"

Miss Sophia walked along with light step, her shoulders well thrown back. It was a morning for a walk, the June air fresh from the showers of the preceding night, and fragrant with the mingled odors of roses and violets, as she passed an occasional garden.

A half hour brought her to the edge of the village. As she neared a small white house set back from the road in the middle of a garden, she walked more slowly. "There were a number of roses in bloom. But no white ones."

"I should send my white roses to the fair, Miss Carr would have no chance of the prize. Her and mine are the only roses of the kind in the country. But she has never taken care of me. I've worked with mine till it's perfect."

Miss Sophia's step quickened slow for some time after she had passed Miss Carr's cottage, her thoughts directed by the white rose to long past days.

Why had she always had that distrust and impudent dislike of Miss Carr? She knew of no way in which the latter could have harmed her. And yet there was something in Miss Carr's manner on the rare occasions when they met which repelled her. Suddenly Miss Sophia's step quickened. The white rose and Sally Carr had brought other thoughts that she must drive away.

No, she would not think of those days. She had suffered enough from their pain and humiliation.

She went briskly about her errands in the village, and was about to begin her homeward walk when a voice from behind called her. She turned. A stout elderly woman was hastening toward her.

"Dear me, Sophia, how fast you walk."

"Good morning, Mary."

"O, Sophia, are you going to send anything to the fair?"

"No, I don't think so. Liddle wants me to send my white roses."

"They would take the prize if you did. There is no rose like them any place around. I'm going to send strawberries. I have some fine ones this year."

"Are you? I hope you will be the winner," returned Miss Sophia cordially.

"Dear me, Sophia, how well you look. And you don't look a bit worn."

Mrs. Brown was mopping her face with her handkerchief.

"I walked into the village," smiled Miss Sophia.

"Well, if you were stout like me you couldn't. Can't you come home to dinner with me?"

"No, thank you, Mary. I have no time to do that afternoon."

"Oh, by the way, Sophia, guess who is coming back here. Luke Merritt!"

Mrs. Brown's black eyes fixed their glances closely on Miss Sophia's face.

Miss Sophia returned the gaze calmly.

Her voice was even as she replied:

"It's a long time since he left, isn't he?"

"Nearly fifteen years. They say he's made a good deal of money. But, there, I must go home. I wish you'd come with me."

"Not today, thank you," said Miss Sophia's voice was still even. But she was all of a tremor as she left the village for the road to her home. A cold, sick sensation pervaded her whole body. For some time she moved as in a dream. Gradually the faintness passed and she could think of what had happened. Mrs. Brown had told her that he was about to return to the village.

She had never thought of that. But what was more natural than that he should return some day to his old home?

"But I shall never, never see him," she thought passionately. She repeated this again and again until she reached home.

Liddle exclaimed when she saw her mistress. "How white you are, Miss Sophia. Are you sick?"

"I don't feel very well," returned Miss Sophia in an unsteady voice.

"It was too long a walk for you this warm weather," returned Liddle. "Dinner's ready. A cup of tea will do you good."

Miss Sophia drank some tea, but did not touch the nice dinner which Liddle had prepared.

"And you were wanting strawberry short-cake, too. You'd better go and have it down, Miss Sophia."

Miss Sophia sighed wearily. "I think I shall. You need not gather the curtains this afternoon, Liddle."

Liddle looked at her sympathetically. "A nice nap will do you good."

But there would not come to Miss

Sophia. Her brain surged with thoughts—thoughts of those long past years. She again went through all their sweethearts and humiliations. The sweethearts of those months when she believed that Luke Merritt loved her. He had given her every reason to believe that he intended making her to be his wife.

The humiliation of the time when he suddenly left the village without a word to her. Miss Sophia's mind was still occupied the shame and agony of those days. But she had suffered so much. She had borne herself proudly before the curious glances of the villagers.

The years had brought her a measure of forgetfulness. Other trouble—the death of her parents, had helped to lessen the pain. But now it was all to go through again.

Miss Sophia came down stairs toward evening, pale but with a resolute expression of lip and eye. "I ought to have no feeling but contempt for him. I despise him. It makes no difference about his coming—I could even meet him today," she assured herself.

She spoke cheerfully to Liddle. "Well, it's playing poker again. I'll get at those cards the first thing in the morning."

One morning the following week, Miss Sophia went out to her garden to find white rosebuds a marvel of bloom. Never before had the roses been so large, with such richly tinted hearts and so exquisitely fragrant.

"Aren't they magnificent?" cried Liddle. "Do, Miss Sophia, send them to the Fair. You will get the prize sure."

"No, I shall leave the field clear for Miss Belle Carr."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, Miss Belle Carr went to Brighton on Sunday. Her sister is sick. She won't be back for a good while. So her roses won't be sent in."

"I am sorry," answered Miss Sophia, "but I suppose some of her friends will attend to it for her."

Liddle laughed. "Laws, Miss Sophia. There ain't no one around here likes her well enough to do that. So send your roses!"

Miss Sophia looked thoughtful. "I'll think about it," she said.

"Tomorrow's the day for the prizes for flowers," urged Liddle.

Early the next morning Miss Sophia crept slowly down stairs with her basket. From a cupboard she produced a large flat-bottomed basket and a pair of shears and going into the garden she cut off the largest and most perfect of her white roses. What wonders of beauty they were, with the dew upon their petals! She placed them in the basket, covered them lightly with tissue paper, and walked quickly down the road until she came to Miss Belle Carr's cottage. All its shutters were closed, and forlornly it enveloped its blue gate and walked up to the white rosebush in its corner. It was a luxuriant bloom, but Miss Sophia saw at a glance that the flowers could not compare in size and beauty with her own. She cut a few of the best roses and placed them in the basket.

After standing a few moments to consider, she left the place and went on toward the village. She had not gone far when a buggy came around a bend in the road toward her. As it drew near her, its occupant called out: "Good morning, Miss Sophia, you are out early."

"On—Mr. Clark, I was just going to your house," exclaimed Miss Sophia, going up to the side of the buggy which had stopped. She held up the basket of roses. "You see, Miss Belle Carr wanted to send her white roses to the fair. She had to go to her sick sister—so I thought I'd attend to it for her. As you have charge of the flowers!"

"Why, of course, Miss Sophia. I'll take 'em. Ah—blue roses. I'm sorry I have to turn out at the next turn."

Miss Sophia turned her steps toward home. "I hope she'll get the prize," she murmured. "And they're her flowers—I gave them to her. Twenty-five dollars will come in very nice for her if she is in need of money."

On reaching home, she found Liddle preparing breakfast, and much mystified at Miss Sophia's non-appearance.

"I gave the roses to Mr. Clark," explained Miss Sophia. "He has charge of the flower display, you know."

"Still the charyman remained silent behind his newspaper.

The carter, shouting his confession this time loudly, said: "I tell ye to your face, and you're a minister, that I don't believe there's any heaven."

"Very well," said the charyman, "if you do not believe there is a heaven, for your roses always were the finest."

"I am very glad of it," returned Miss Sophia heartily.

A few days later Liddle had another piece of news. "Miss Belle Carr is come back, and she is packing up all her belongings to go live with her sister."

"It must have been very lonely for her living by herself all these years," observed Miss Sophia.

The next morning's mail brought Miss Sophia a surprise in the form of a letter from Miss Belle Carr. It ran:

"Mr. Clark told me of your meeting in the roses. I didn't deserve it. You didn't know, but you will later, what I did. But I have done all that I can to put things right. I don't ask you to forgive me. I hope you will be happy, Miss Carr."

Miss Sophia marveled greatly. She had not the least idea of the meaning of those lines.

"But Belle was always queer," she reflected.

"Are you going to mingle in the life of the capital?" asked the old-time friend.

"I don't know yet," answered Mr. Cumroox. "It depends on whether mother and the girls can teach me to eat ice cream with a fork without dropping any of my Sunday shirt bosom!"—Washington Star.

Miss Emerson—Waldo, I was surprised to hear you say, "Hello, Mrs. Baker!" Hello is a word that nice people don't use. They say, "How do you do?"

Waldo (aged five)—Why, mother, you never say, "How do you do, mortal?"—Brooklyn Life.

"You are charging me for two miles."

"Yes, sir."

"But the distance is only a mile and a half."

"Usually, sir, but we skidded,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chicago children infected with tuberculosis will go to school in the open air if a request to be made by the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute, as granted by the Board of Education.

The chief publishing centers of Germany are Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, Stuttgart, Munich, in the order here named.

On May 22, 1909, the *Kind You Need* brought the *Graphic* to the *Graphic*.

There was a rustic bench near. Miss Sophia had sat down on it and tears were streaming down her cheeks. She glanced up at her visitor. There was something in her glance which gave him courage. He sat down beside her.

Miss Sophia sighed wearily. "I think I shall. You need not gather the curtains this afternoon, Liddle."

Liddle looked at her sympathetically. "A nice nap will do you good."

But there would not come to Miss

and put his arms around her. And Miss Sophia did not resent the familiarity.—National Home Journal.

The Truth, the Whole Truth.

"You have never told me anything about your past," she said timidly.

A troubled look came over him. He realized that, although they had been engaged nearly a month, he had certainly been negligent in that direction.

"I suppose I ought to say something about it," he said.

"Pronto! to tell me all!"

"Do you mean that?"

"Everything."

He clasped her hands. The crisis had come.

"Dearest," he said, "I'll make a clean breast of it. Of course I realized that it had come. Still—"

"So on."

"I've led a pretty hard life, I guess, in college there was a time when I didn't do much else but buck the tiger."

"Well, I'm playing poker again. I got in the hole pretty deep. Then, of course, I had my fill of drinking, carousing, late hours. I broke loose at last. You see, I had to, but it was pretty fierce."

"Did you stop?"

"Well, partly. Then I had loves of fair—there were so many of 'em, you know, that it didn't matter. I was dropped once—then I braced up—got through. I spun around a little after that until I got to playing the ponies."

"You're not track, you know. Betting on horses. But, think heaven, I saw the folly of that."

"And you stopped?"

"Absolutely. You see, I came to myself. My character asserted itself. It was a hard fight, but I won. I wish it wasn't there, dear. But I was bound to tell the truth. Tell me that it's all right. Tell me you will forget it."

"Have you told me all?"

"Everything. Tell me it's all right."

She looked at him with a troubled look.

"I suppose I shall have to," she said.

"But—I thought you were good."

"I am sorry," answered Miss Sophia, "but I suppose some of her friends will attend to it for her."

Liddle laughed. "Laws, Miss Sophia. There ain't no one around here likes her well enough to do that. So send your roses!"

Miss Sophia looked thoughtful. "I'll think about it," she said.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

"Well, I'll shore look like I'm a good boy," said Miss Sophia.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

"I am sorry," said Miss Sophia.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

"I am sorry," said Miss Sophia.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

"I am sorry," said Miss Sophia.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

"I am sorry," said Miss Sophia.

"I am sorry," said Liddle.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

of Brasstree, Had Miles, Had Josiah, who was admitted to the church at Preston in 1700. Married —— Had Joshua, who married Sept. 19, 1769, Rev Samuel Kirkland, and had Joshua, who married John H. Lottrop, and had Mary Ann, who married Edmund A. Wetmore.

Rev. James Wetmore, A. M., was born in Middleboro in 1695, and was appointed assistant rector of Trinity parish, New York, under Rev. Mr. Vesey, in 1728. Removed to Rye, N. Y., in 1728, where he was rector of the Episcopal church for 80 years. He died of small pox in Rye, May 16, 1780. He had several children among them a son James, who had a son James, who had several children, of which my grandfather, John Wetmore, was the youngest. My great grandfather James settled in the town of Hobart, Delaware county, N. Y., and was a very prominent and wealthy man. The Wetmore Genealogy compiled by Mr. James Curnishon Wetmore, of Columbus, Ohio, does not carry my branch of the family further than the children of Rev. James Wetmore. What I lack is the connection between Edmund A. Wetmore, as above, and the Rev. James Wetmore. Can anyone help me? — J. W.

ANSWERS.

6502. CHANNING.—In addition to data already given in this column on this family I wish to add the following:

In ship Peter and Philip entering Boston June 1712, 17th ship from London, are in list of passengers John Channing, Mary Athraun [Astrum]. Ann Athraun.

Boston records give John Channing and Mary Athraun married Sept. 2, 1712.

Children born in Boston:

James, b. June 20, 1713.

John, b. Dec. 17, 1714.

Mary, b. May 3, 1717.

No further records of the family found in Boston. Where did they go from Boston? — A. C. M.

Daughters in Washington.

(Continued from 1st Page.)

We heard with pleasure that our State Regent had been invited to second the nomination of Mrs. Story, and we unanimously agreed to allow her to do this in the name of the Rhode Island Delegation. We unanimously elected the only nominees for State Regent and State Vice Regent, Mrs. Charles Warren Lippitt, of Providence and Newport and Mrs. Stephen Fisk of Pawtucket.

Wednesday was the day for reports of committees, and we found them most interesting, but we were so late in starting that we had to adjourn before we had heard from all the chairman, and several of the reports, together with number of State Regent's reports, had to wait until Friday, the time for unfinished business.

Mrs. Murphy of Ohio reported for the "Children of the Republic," which certainly is doing good among the young population of our country. Mrs. Terry's report on Patriotic Education will be printed. Mrs. Draper spoke of the conservation of the natural resources of the country, and introduced the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the U. S. Forest Service, who made a lengthy address, urging the Society to work for the enactment of conservation measures in the various legislative bodies with which we might be connected.

Packages of eucalyptus tree seeds were distributed by the National Society, one of which I brought home with me, and have distributed among the members of William Ellery Chapter.

After the report of the Continental Hall Committee contributions to the Continental Hall fund were in order, and received much applause. Mrs. Scott gave \$250 as her personal contribution.

It was estimated that over \$3000 were paid into the fund in less than an hour, and \$25000 during the week.

That evening the Congress attended a patriotic service, by invitation of the Sons of the American Revolution. A fine musical program was rendered, and addresses were made by Edward Bruce Moore, Commissioner of Patents, and Mrs. McLean. Senator Owen of Oklahoma was the principal speaker of the evening, and mentioned the chief objects of the society, saying, "The principles upon which your organization was founded should make it revered by all patriotic citizens. The education of the foreigner, the uplifting of the poor children, and the inculcation of love of country are ideas that venerate the brave patriots whom you revere and make you the most loyal of American citizens. In your efforts to abolish child labor you have shown yourselves worthy of esteem, and it is my earnest desire that your worthy work may continue, in order that the United States may profit by your noble example."

At last came voting day, but not until long after eleven did we hear the first nominating speech. First Mrs. Arms of Illinois nominated Mrs. Scott, then Mrs. Massey of Massachusetts nominated Mrs. Story, and unanimous seconds were heard for both candidates.

We were proud to hear our State Regent announce that she had a full delegation—with every vote represented,

and every vote would be cast for Mrs. Story. Mrs. Story afterward told us that she thought we must be the only delegation with a complete representation.

Rhode Island did not fail to do its part.

After the nominations were all in, the Congress took a recess to attend the reception at the White House, but I am very sorry to say that we lost the pleasure of shaking hands with President Taft, as a severe thunder storm came up just at the wrong time.

Finally, long after four, the ballots were distributed, and the slow process of voting began. Our official reader last year had invented a new way of voting—with two ballot boxes instead of one, so it was not as tedious as formerly—but it was eight o'clock before the last vote was cast and the boxes sealed. That evening, three beautiful pieces of silver (destined some day to belong to her three daughters) were presented to the retiring President General. The gift is said to have cost \$1200, and was obtained by popular subscription. Mrs. McLean responded, expressing her thanks and her esteem for those who had been her friends. Other addresses were made by Vice Presidents General, and numerous handshakes and embraces and even tears gave evidence of the feeling with which they thought of the close of the administration.

We hoped to hear something about the election, but could get only reports that the tellers could be seen through the windows at the Willard, and at one o'clock were still counting tally.

Next morning, we heard only rumors—first that Mrs. Scott was elected.

— that Mrs. Story had a majority.

We thought it would be a close election, but were simply amazed when at

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6515. WETMORE.—Captain Josiah Standish, third son of Capt. Myles Standish, was appointed Ensign Brouter of Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 3, 1654. He and his mother were the executors of his father's estate. He removed to East Bridgewater, Mass., June 6, 1659. Returned to Duxbury in 1663, and held Selectman and other offices in 1666. Appointed Captain in 1680. Removed to Norwich, Conn., about 1686, and bought land at Preston, Ct., married Mrs. Mary Dingley, of Marshfield, in 1654, who died the same year. He then married Sarah Allen,

and they had a son, Edmund A. Wetmore.

Rev. James Wetmore, A. M., was born in Middleboro in 1695, and was appointed assistant rector of Trinity parish, New York, under Rev. Mr. Vesey, in 1728. Removed to Rye, N. Y., in 1728, where he was rector of the Episcopal church for 80 years. He died of small pox in Rye, May 16, 1780. He had several children among them a son James, who had a son James, who had several children, of which my grandfather, John Wetmore, was the youngest. My great grandfather James settled in the town of Hobart, Delaware county, N. Y., and was a very prominent and wealthy man. The Wetmore Genealogy compiled by Mr. James Curnishon Wetmore, of Columbus, Ohio, does not carry my branch of the family further than the children of Rev. James Wetmore. What I lack is the connection between Edmund A. Wetmore, as above, and the Rev. James Wetmore. Can anyone help me? — J. W.

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6518. PHILLIPS, ELDRED.—Mary Phillips and Daniel Eldred Jan. 10, 1799; died:

1. Elizabeth, (5) b Oct 25, 1790, and Wm. Wightman.

Margaret, b Oct 19, 1792.

Lucy, b Jan 17, 1795.

Mary, b May 30, 1797.

Sarah Ann (6) Peck, b Jan 27, 1800.

Lydia Gardner (6), b Nov 9, 1802.

Would like to know names of husbands of these children.—L. B.

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